

**PAX NOBISCUM, OR, VERSE
ASPIRATIONS FOR 'UNITY OF
SPIRIT AND THE BOND OF PEACE',
AMONGST PROTESTANT
WORSHIPPERS CHRIST**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649232727

Pax nobiscum, or, Verse aspirations for 'Unity of spirit and the bond of peace', amongst
protestant worshippers christ by Clericus

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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PAX NOBISCUM.

"....he considered it unwise for Christians to be parading and exacerbating their internal differences, while their united efforts would not be too much to repel the common foe.....

..... the controversies of our day between and within churches and sects, are of no more consequence, than it was in what street of Jerusalem a particular Jew amused himself with counting his shekels, when Titus was thundering at the gates."

Quarterly Review, Oct., 1850.

I.

Unnumbered by age, by time unquelled,
 Within Euphrates' ancient wave
 The same glad stars their splendour lave,
As sage Chaldeans viewed of eld.

Along those venerated plains
 Where Bethuel's fair daughter drew,
 Not brighter than her form to view,
The fountain pure as her own veins,

The patient camel still sustains
 The breath of Aram's scorching days ;
 O'er desert tracks the lion strays,
As when the Persian ruled the plains.

True to their being's law these tell
 Their ordered steps through circling time :
 For man the waning ages chime
O'er faiths perplexed a mournful knell.

On Ararat and Sinai
 The moonbeams rest, as in the hour
 When God revealed the love and power
That had their crown on Calvary.

Of 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men'
 The angels sang o'er Judah's hill;
 Oh! when shall such sweet music fill
With bliss men's ears and hearts again!

Ah list! upon the troublous air
 What sounds discordant ever come!
 Can peace and love find out a home
Where jealous creeds for ever jar?

The silent things of nature all
 If voiced, to man would ceaseless cry;
 And rocks would echo, waves would sigh
Their grief to mark his spirit's thrall.

To hear him name a Saviour's name,
Oblivious of his dearest laws ;
And call it warfare in his cause
To bring his very cross to shame.

'The living know that they shall die'—
The dying hope that they shall live :
Could aught to these assurance give,
Say,—were it such wild anarchy ?

The spirit, like a panting dove
Pursued from far by cruel wing,
Would fain its weary pinions fling
For rest within the Ark of love.

'Come all who labour,' 'here is rest ;
Seek, find, enjoy,'—the Master said :
'The Ark is built, the price is paid,
Oh, freely enter and be blest !'

'Tis man that mars the work of heaven ;
'Tis man that closes up the way ;
That shuts the door, and of the key
Affects a power was never given.

In primal days a gloomy creed
 Made victims of our painted sires,
 Consumed in sacrificial fires
By crafty hierarchs decreed—

Then came the Word*—and millions hailed
 With thankful hearts its gentle way;
 For calmly bright, its holy ray,
O'er Druid darkness far prevailed.

Obscured awhile when Woden came,
 Again its cheering light was sent;†
 But priestly guile on power intent
Extinguished half the heavenly flame.

And when achieved its work, behold!
 Thick darkness on the people fell;
 A juggler would God's pardon sell,
And barter heaven for sinners' gold!*

The sources of the sacred streams
 Ran backward,‡—till indignant mind
 Shook the foul treason down the wind,
And called men from their idle dreams.

Ah me! but gentle peace had flown,
And conflict came where should be love;
To fix his chains the tyrant strove,
While freedom scorned his rule to own.

Some spirits, like the towering mast
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
Sore swayed, could no just balance keep,
But wavered with each doctrine's blast.

The many found a quiet way
Illumined by the lamp of God,
Where holy men and martyrs trod
Ere pontiffs yet had dreamt of sway.

But ah! incapable and vain;
How often man forgets when blest
The fountains of his pleasant rest,
To wander from their streams again!

The famine-stricken won from death,—
The perishing with thirst who meet
In deserts parched a fountain sweet,—
To grateful accents tune their breath;